

# Arbor Day

May, 1, 1908

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Photo by J. K. Hillers  
ELEVENTH ST. AND GOULD AVE., NEWARK.

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But rising from the dust of busy streets  
These forest children gladden many hearts ;  
As some old friend their welcome presence greets  
The toil-worn soul, and fresher life imparts,  
Their shade is doubly grateful when it lies  
Above the glare which stifling walls throw back ;  
Through quivering leaves we see the soft blue skies,  
Then happier tread the plain unvaried track.

*Alice B. Neal*

From the Shade Tree Commission of Newark to the Children of Newark  
that they may learn to love trees.



## What to Plant in the City

A tree if possible, large or small, but preferably large.

The attractiveness of a city depends largely on the trees planted along its streets. Long rows of well-kept trees with their graceful arches and nodding plumes, their grateful shade and flecks of sunshine, add more to the beauty of a street than elaborate architecture—giving a loveliness and grace otherwise unattainable. Therefore, “Plant a tree, life does the rest.”

If you cannot plant a tree there are still a number of hardy shrubs and vines which once planted thrive and blossom in our cities with the least amount of care. They, as the trees, will look after themselves year after year but amply repay in added growth and bloom, a loosening up of the earth, a little plant-food now and then and a watering in time of drought.

### Trees

Elm, \$1.50 upwards.

Oriental Plane, \$1.50 upwards.

Lombardy or Boleana Poplar, \$1.00 upwards

Norway Maple, \$1.50 upwards

Red Oak, \$1.50 upwards.

European Linden, \$1.00 upwards

Insist on a straight trunk and well developed head and roots. The head to begin about seven feet from the ground, the trunk to be at least two inches in diameter, one foot above ground, and transplanted stock.

### Shrubs

Hydrangea, Hardy,	-	35c.	\$ .75
Deutzia	-	15c.	.50
Spiræa	-	25c.	1.00
Weigelia	-	25c.	.50
Forsythia	-	35c.	
Jap. Barberry		Syringa	
Lilac		Jap. Quince	
Rose of Sharon			

### Vines

Wistaria	-	-	50c.	\$ .75
English Ivy	-	-	10c.	.25
(Plant on North Side).				
Ampelopsis	-	-	10c.	.50
Clematis	-	-	35c.	.75
Hop Vine	-	-	15c.	.25
Honeysuckle	-	-	25c.	
Rambler	-	-	50c.	

## A Newark Tree Directory

"They count their marbles and miss never a one,  
But I don't believe, when the day is done"  
(And the maple laughed to her topmost bough)

"One of those children could tell me now  
How many trees of us stand in a row  
On this very street that they frequent so."

Could you do it? See if you can guess the number of trees on your home street without looking, and then try it on someone else who walks along that very block to business every day.

One of the things that the Newark Shade Tree Commission is planning to do is to make a Tree Directory. Send in a plan of your block drawn on a piece of paper the size of this page to the office at the City Hall. The sketch of the block shown below gives you some idea of the way it can be done. Pace it off so as to find the proportions and then locate your trees. The width of the sidewalk in the drawing is exaggerated so as to show the trees easily at a glance. We should like it better if you could name them but do not let that interfere with the sending in of the plan. What you can do is to make some notes on the back of your sheet of paper telling us how the trees are thriving. Numbering them will help you in describing the trees better.

Which ones have the horses lunched upon until there is an ugly scar on that side?

Are the electric light or telephone wires fastened to any of the trees or are they touching any of the branches?

Do the roots of the trees get their share of each rain or are the flag stones close to the tree so as to rob it of the moisture it should get?

Are the insects destroying the leaves of any of the trees? Look carefully also for any signs of furrows along the bark. If the Commission is notified in time before the leaves are completely destroyed, the tree can be helped by spraying. This apparatus is in continual demand and the men may be frequently seen hard at work trying to get ahead of the hungry caterpillars who threaten the beauty of our shaded streets.

With the school boys and girls making a census of the trees of their home blocks, it will not be long before each maple and elm, oak and linden, will have its name and address in the City Tree Directory and Newark will have a list of which it may well be proud.

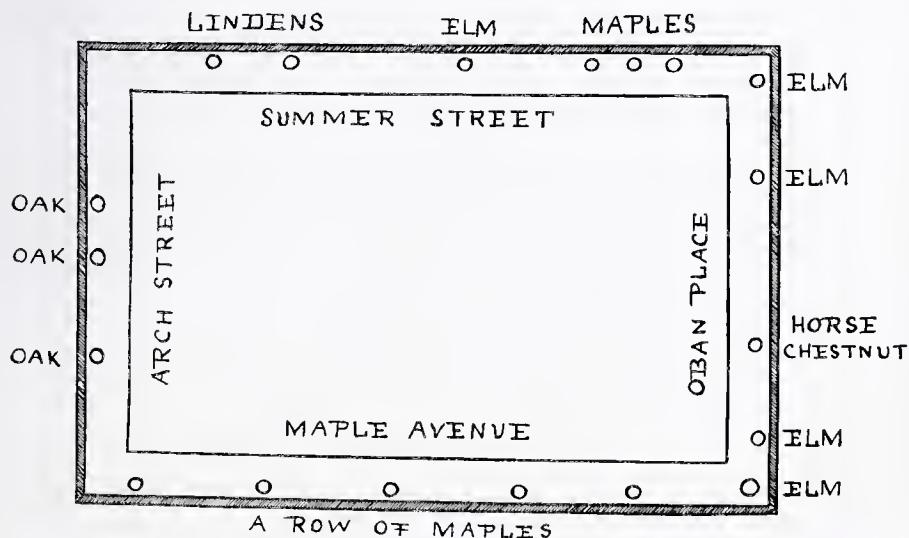




Photo by A. V. Luther

#### LOWELL'S GARDEN AT ELMWOOD

### Lowell's Tree

"**T**REES come close to our life. They are often rooted in our richest feelings; and our sweetest memories, like birds, build nests in their branches. I remember the last time that I saw James Russell Lowell, he walked out with me into the quiet garden at Elmwood to say good bye. There was a great horse-chestnut tree beside the house, towering above the gable and covered with blossoms from base to summit — a pyramid of green supporting a thousand smaller pyramids in white. The poet looked up at it with his gray pain-furrowed face, and laid his trembling hand upon the trunk, "I planted the nut," said he, "from which this tree grew, and my father was with me and showed me how to plant it."

*Henry Van Dyke.*

#### Quotations from Lowell

The maple swamps glow like a sunset sea,  
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flush.  
*An Indian Summer Reverie*

Upon these elm-arched solitudes  
No hum of neighbor toil intrudes;  
The only hammer that I hear  
Is wielded by the woodpecker.

*Al Fresco*

And I have many a lifelong leafy friend,  
That knows I hate the axe, and welcomes me  
Within his tent as if I were a bird.

*Under the Willows*

Now the heart is so full that a drop over-fills it,  
We are happy now because God so wills it;

\* \* \* \* \*

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;  
We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing  
That skies are clear and grass is growing;  
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,  
That dandelions are blossoming near.  
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;  
And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
For other couriers we should not lack.

*Vision of Sir Launfal*

## Our Rogues' Gallery

Here are a few of the insects that make life miserable, for our trees. We hang their pictures in the Rogues' Gallery so that everyone shall recognize them immediately and put a stop to their deeds of darkness.



Elm Leaf Beetle

Eggs (magnified) on under-side of leaf.

Larva and details

Caterpillar  
Tussock  
Moth



Wingless  
Female  
ovipositing  
on empty  
cocoon.  
(reduced)



Male Adult or Moth

Watch for them on the bark and leaves, and destroy them quickly and humanely. The pictures show the damage they do, therefore at the first sign of their work send a postal card to the Shade Tree Commission, City Hall, so that they may spray the trees or do whatever is necessary to rid the trees of the insect pests.

Effect of feeding of Elm Leaf Beetle  
(reduced)

Sometimes the leaves begin to turn brown in places or curl up long before Autumn. The State Entomologist whose address is New Brunswick, N. J., will be glad to tell you what the disease is and what can be done for your tree to cure it. Send a leaf in the letter asking for information, giving your name and address for a reply.

Wood Leopard Moth or imported elm borer.  
a. b. Boring Caterpillar from above and side.  
c. d. Male and female Moth; e. shows the work of the borer.

What tree is it? Here are a set of riddles for you to guess. See if the word picture tells its own story without the name of the tree it describes. Beside each quotation is a part of the tree; the flower, the fruit, or the leaf to help you guess the missing word. The quotations are arranged in the order of the seasons, two for each, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.

Our great word painters Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, and others loved the trees so that the very spirit of each has crept into their lines. See if you can tell which one each poet is describing.

### Spring

1. In her dress of silver gray  
Comes the —— gay  
Like a little Eskimo  
Clad in fur from tip to toe.

2. A traveller on a dusty road  
Strewed —— on the lea  
And one took root and started up  
And grew into a tree  
*Mackay*

### Summer

3. "And the stream  
Drifts into shallows where the —— dips  
Her soft green tresses in the tinkling flood."

"And Washington in seventy-five,  
'Neath Cambridge's —— tree came  
To take command of the army  
'Mid the people's loud acclaim.

"And still on the green at Cambridge,  
The old tree stands to-day  
Though rebel and tory long ago  
To dust have mouldered away."

## AUTUMN

5. "The —— is a dainty maid ;  
    The pet of all the wood,  
Who lights the dusky forest glade  
    With scarlet cloak and hood."

6. A little brown baby, round and wee,  
    With the kind winds to rock him slept high in a tree,  
And he grew and he grew till, oh, dreadful to say !  
    He tumbled right out of his cradle one day.  
Down, down from the tree top, a terrible fall !  
    But the queer little fellow was not hurt at all ;  
And sound and sweet he lies in the grass,  
    And there you will find him whenever you pass."

## WINTER

7. "With its thorny leaves and berries like crimson drops."

"And beyond them stood the forest,  
Stood the groves of singing —— trees,  
Green in summer, white in winter,  
Ever sighing, ever singing."



## The Death Song of the Trees.



We are doomed" sighed the trees,  
"for ever and ever come nigher  
The ax and the biting saw  
and the all devouring fire.

We are strong to meet our fate,  
but woe for the innocent things  
That have lived their happy lives  
in the peace our shelter brings.  
The deer will find no refuge  
from the hunters deadly gun.  
The frail wild flowers will wither  
in the glare of the noonday sun.



The streams will dry at their fountains,  
the nestling birds must go,  
The whole fair land will be  
stricken with loneliness  
and woe.

No more to the perchings southland  
will the wind bring cooling balm  
They will pass an arid desert with  
death in its changeless calm.  
"Alas" sighed the trees together —  
The wail swept on and on —  
"Alas for the beautiful land when  
its guardian trees are gone..."

Winette M Lowater